







## HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN - KENTUCKY.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is over, and all its work is done; The weary toiler seeks his rest;

No longer able to think he fails to see,

A quiet slumber sinks in the faint full sun.

Six days of steady, unremitting heat,

Of feeling heart and thinking head;

Of sweating brows and aching feet;

Of every power a constant strain.

How good to have the bending low relaxed,

And all our bounden faculties unstayed,

And all our limbs and sinews loosed,

To leave behind the crowning room and mart.

To find no space of mental bote,

To find in walks from these dull things apart.

The fragrance of the flowers again,

To open nature's pictured book.

Within some cool, sequestered nook,

To feel that God did intend this life,

To be a constant round of care.

Man should a brow of sorrow wear.

These thoughts, though, happy breathing spells,

When by the murmuring streams we stray,

Are God's sweet whisperings by the way.

God's whisperings these, unto our souls,

Of that which is to come, when ever rolls

That which is to come, the skies.

Leave then thy toy now, my brother man,

Accept of Heaven's benign plan.

And let us all be friends,

- E. C. Crofts, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**TWO KINDS OF LOVE.**

A Graphic Tale of Army Life and Death.

It would be difficult to find a region wherein extremes more strongly prevail than in that portion of the Pacific coast along which some of the posts of the United States army are situated. The refinements in advanced civilization are, in many cases, scrupulously adhered to by the garrison officers and their families, while the men are uncared-for among the rough miners and ranchers who surround them. As a natural result of all this there is no sort of intercourse between the two classes, and each knows comparatively little of the habits and lives of the other.

One evening in the summer the sun was going down with a soft goldenness unknown to Eastern skies; there came along a little woodland path a tall, gaunt, thin, dark-skinned man, who seemed somewhat difficult to identify with either of the classes referred to. He might have been a dragoon or a soldier, as far as possible from awkwardness, seemed to characterize her. But, as to her face, she was a woman, though—though in reality she was very far removed from either type. She was only a girl, however, and had been born in a school, where the rough miners' children went to their early store of learning. Being left dependent on her mother, she had been compelled to go to work as soon as possible after her father, who had come from a somewhat more civilized community to take this school, had died. She had been the pet of the parents of some of her pupils—plain, hard-working people, who did not understand her ways and cared so little for her that she had been entirely alone, not knowing what a boon they conferred upon her.

So lived her lonely life, a simple, hard life, but a honest. No girl could have been less introspective and analytical of self, and she did not once consider her own worthiness. She was a plain white straw that seemed to blow in, now here, now there, now in one part of it, and the last she wore was a bushy plume of blossoms.

Then she raised her beautiful troubled eyes and looked at him. He met her gaze with a look of admiration.

"Come, girl," said Captain Darcy, "we will see you home."

"My little darling," he said softly, over her shoulder, in a quiet and tender reflecting nothing of the agitation that shook her as she murmured in low, incipient whispers.

Take care of yourself. Think what it would be to me if anything should happen to you. Oh, be prudent, be careful, for your sake."

He put her from him a moment, that she might give her a look of fond reassurance. "You will make me late, I know, as usual, in the wood, day after tomorrow. And now come and give me a kiss."

"But Mary had never done this yet, and she only smiled and stood still."

"Think about Ben Woods," he said, with a smile.

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